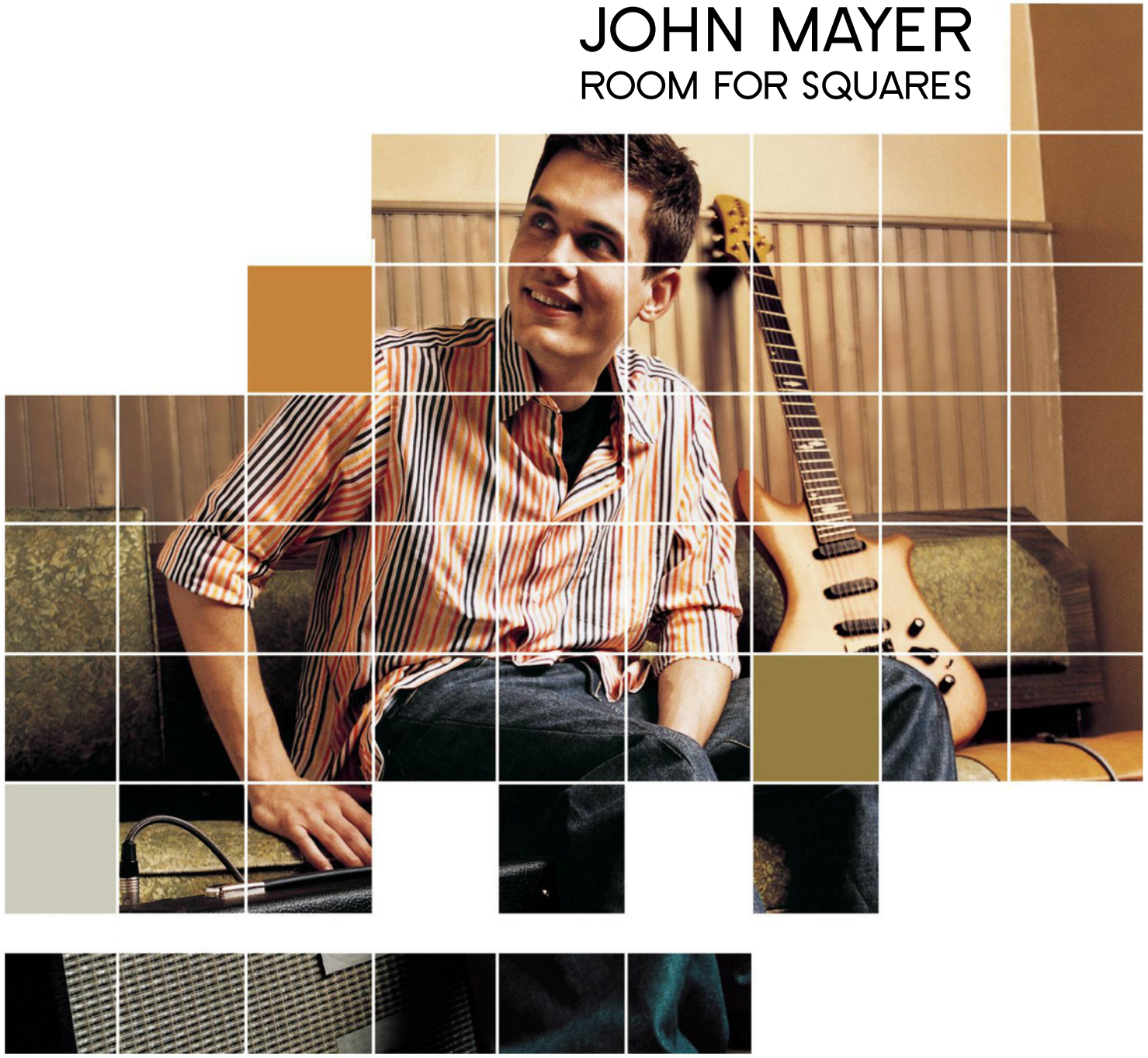
JOHN MAYER

ROOM FOR SQUARES



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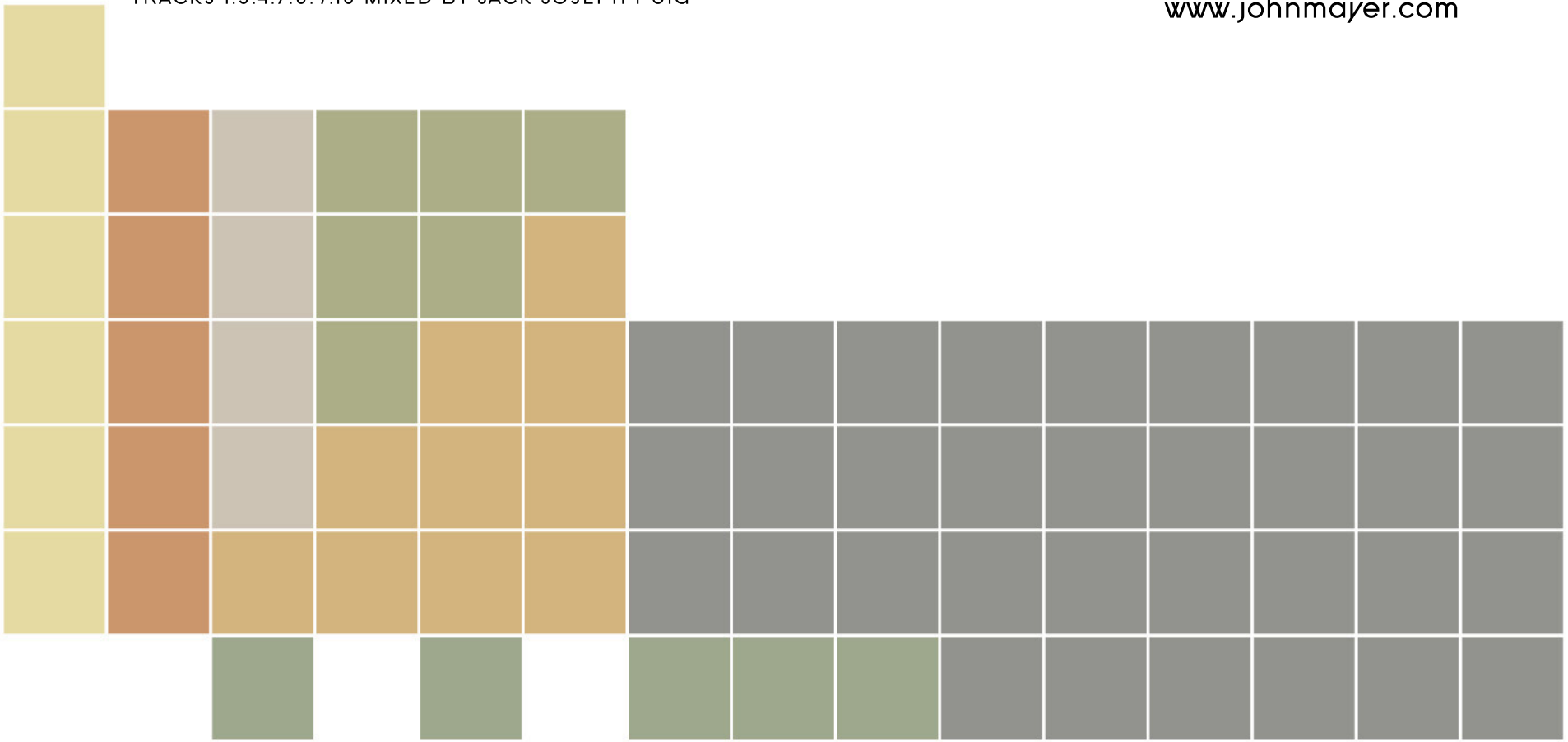
PRODUCED BY JOHN ALAGIA / MIXED BY JOHN ALAGIA & JEFF JULIANO

TRACKS 1.3.4.7.8.9.10 MIXED BY JACK JOSEPH PUIG

www.johnmayer.com



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1
NO SUCH THING

John: vocals, guitars, Omnichord, Korg Triton
David LaBruyere: bass
Nir Z: drums
Brandon Bush: Hammond organ, Wurlitzer
John Alagia: percussion

I am driving up 85 in the
Kind of morning that lasts all afternoon
Just stuck inside the gloom
4 more exits to my apartment but
I am tempted to keep the car in drive
And leave it all behind

Cause I wonder sometimes
About the outcome
Of a still verdictless life

Am I living it right?
Am I living it right?
Am I living it right?
Why Georgia, why?

I rent a room and I fill the spaces with
Wood in places to make it feel like home
But all I feel's alone
It might be a quarter life crisis
Or just the stirring in my soul

Either way I wonder sometimes
About the outcome
Of a still verdictless life

Am I living it right?
Am I living it right?
Am I living it right?
Why, why Georgia, why?

So what, so I've got a smile on
But it's hiding the quiet superstitions in my head
Don't believe me
Don't believe me
When I say I've got it down

Everybody is just a stranger but
That's the danger in going my own way
I guess it's a price I have to pay
Still "everything happens for a reason"
Is no reason not to ask myself

If I'm living it right
Am I living it right?
Am I living it right?
Why, tell me why
Why Georgia, why?

2
WHY GEORGIA

"Welcome to the real world", she said to me
Condescendingly
"Take a seat, take your life
Plot it out in black and white"
Well I never lived the dreams of the prom kings
And the drama queens
I'd like to think the best of me
Is still hiding up my sleeve

They love to tell you "stay inside the lines"
But something's better on the other side

I wanna run through the halls of my high school
I wanna scream at the top of my lungs
I just found out there's no such thing
As the real world
Just a lie you've got to rise above

So the good boys and girls take
The so called right track
Faded white hats
Grabbing credits, and maybe transfers
They read all the books but they can't
Find the answers
And all of our parents
They're getting older

I wonder if they've wished for anything better
While in their memories
Tiny tragedies

They love to tell you "stay inside the lines"
But something's better on the other side

I wanna run through the halls of my high school
I wanna scream at the
Top of my lungs
I just found out there's no such thing
As the real world
Just a lie you got to rise above

I am invincible as long as I'm alive

I wanna run through the halls of my high school
I wanna scream at the top of my lungs
I just found out there's no such thing
As the real world
Just a lie you've got to rise above

I just can't wait 'til my 10 year reunion
I'm gonna bust down the double doors
And when I stand on these tables before you
You will know what all this time was for

John: vocals, guitars,
David LaBruyere: bass
Nir Z: drums, loops
Brandon Bush: Hammond organ
Clay Cook: Background vocals
Doug Derryberry: Background vocals
John Alagia: percussion

3

MY STUPID MOUTH

John: vocals, guitars,
David LaBruyere: bass
Nir Z: drums
Brandon Bush: Hammond organ
Clay Cook: Background vocals
John Alagia: percussion

My stupid mouth
Has got me in trouble
I said too much again
To a date over dinner yesterday
And I could see she was offended
She said “well anyway....”
Just dying for a subject change

Oh, it’s another social casualty
Score one more for me
How could I forget?
Mama said “think before speaking”
No filter in my head
Oh, what’s a boy to do
I guess he better find one soon

We bit our lips. She looked out the window
Rolling tiny balls of napkin paper
I played a quick game of chess with the
Salt and pepper shaker
And I could see clearly
An indelible line was drawn
Between what was good, what just
Slipped out and what went wrong

Oh, the way she feels about me has changed
Thanks for playing, try again.

How could I forget?

Mama said “think before speaking”
No filter in my head
Oh, what’s a boy to do
I guess he better find one

I’m never speaking up again It only hurts me
I’d rather be a mystery than she desert me

Oh I’m never speaking up again
Starting now

One more thing.
Why is it my fault?
So maybe I try too hard
But it’s all because of this desire
I just wanna be liked, just wanna be funny
Looks like the jokes on me
So call me captain backfire

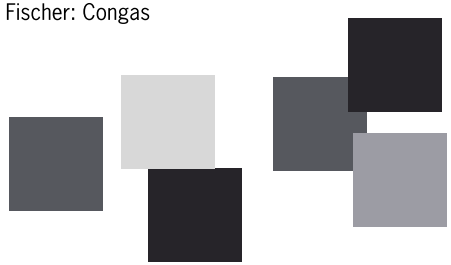
I’m never speaking up again. It only hurts me
I’d rather be a mystery than she desert me

Oh I’m never speaking up again
Starting now

4

YOUR BODY IS A WONDERLAND

John: vocals, guitars, vibrophone, toy piano, Korg Triton
David LaBruyere: bass
Nir Z: drums
Brandon Bush: Wurlitzer
John Alagia: Hammond organ, percussion
Chris Fischer: Congas



We got the afternoon
You got this room for two
One thing I’ve left to do
Discover me
Discovering you

One mile to every inch of
Your skin like porcelain
One pair of candy lips and
Your bubblegum tongue
A
nd if you want love
We’ll make it
Swimming a deep sea
Of blankets
Take all your big plans
And break ‘em
This is bound to be a while

Your body is a wonderland
Your body is a wonder
(I’ll use my hands)
Your body is a wonderland

Something ‘bout the way
Your hair falls in your face
I love the shape you take when crawling
Towards the pillowcase

You tell me where to go and
Though I might leave to find it
I’ll never let your head hit the bed
Without my hand behind it

You want love?
We’ll make it
Swimming a deep sea
Of blankets
Take all your big plans
And break ‘em
This is bound to be a while
Your body is a wonderland
Your body is a wonder
(I’ll use my hands)
Your body is a wonderland

Damn baby
You frustrate me
I know you’re mine all mine all mine
But you look so good it hurts sometimes

Your body is a wonderland
Your body is a wonder
(I’ll use my hands)
Your body is a wonderland
Your body is a wonderland

When sky blue gets dark enough
To see the colors of the city lights
A trail of ruby red and diamond white
Hits her like a sunrise

She comes and goes and comes and goes
Like no one can

Tonight she's out to lose herself
And find a high on Peachtree Street
From mixed drinks to techno beats it's always
Heavy into everything

She comes and goes and comes and goes
Like no one can
She comes and goes and no one knows
She's slipping through my hands

She's always buzzing just like
Neon, neon
Neon, neon

Who knows how long, how long, how long
She can go before she burns away

I can't be her angel now
You know it's not my place to hold her down
And it's hard for me to take a stand
When I would take her anyway I can

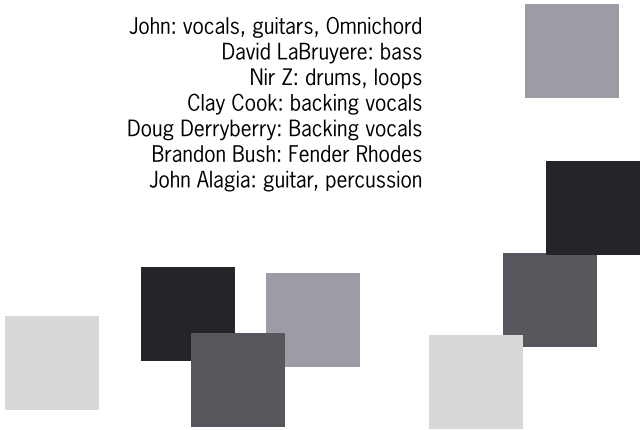
She comes and she goes and goes
Like no one can
She comes and she goes and no one knows
She's slipping through my hands

She's always buzzing just like
Neon, neon
Neon, neon
Who knows how long, how long, how long
She can go before she burns away, away

5

NEON

John: vocals, guitars, Omnichord
David LaBruyere: bass
Nir Z: drums, loops
Clay Cook: backing vocals
Doug Derryberry: Backing vocals
Brandon Bush: Fender Rhodes
John Alagia: guitar, percussion



6

CITY LOVE

John: vocals, guitars
David LaBruyere: bass
Nir Z: percussion
Jerry Marotta: drums
John Alagia: Hammond organ, Wurlitzer
David Davidson: violin
David Angell: violin
Kristin Wilkinson: viola
Carol Rabinowitz: cello
Jon Catchings: cello

I never liked this apple much
It always seemed too big to touch
I can't remember how I found
My way before she came around

I tell everyone
I smile just because
I've got a city love
I found it in Lydia
And I can't remember life before her name

She keeps a toothbrush at my place
As if I had the extra space
She steals my clothes to wear to work
I know - her hairs are on my shirts

I tell everyone
I smile just because
I've got a city love
I found it in Lydia
And I can't remember life before
The day
She called up and came to me
Covered in rain

And dinnertime shadowing
And as her clothes spun, we spooned
And I knew I was through
When I said "I love you"

Friday evening, we've been drinking
2 AM, I swear I might propose
But we close the tab
Split a cab
And call each other up when we get home
Falling asleep to the sound of sirens
I've got a city love
I found it in Lydia

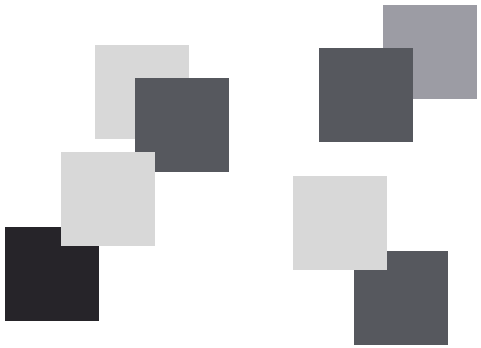
From the battery
To the gallery
It's the kind of thing you only see
In scented, glossy magazines

And I can't remember life before her name

83

7

John: vocals, guitars, Korg Triton
David LaBruyere: bass
Nir Z: drums
Brandon Bush: Hammond organ



I've these dreams I'm walking home
Home when it used to be
And everything is as it was
Frozen in front of me

Here I stand 6 feet small
Romanticizing years ago
It's a bitter sweet feeling hearing
"Wrapped Around Your Finger" on the radio

And these days I wish I was 6 again
Oh make me a red cape
I wanna be Superman

Oh, if only my life was more like 1983
All these things would be more like they
Were at the start of me
Had it made in 83

Thinking bout my brother Ben
I miss him every day
He looks just like his brother John
But on an 18 month delay

Here I stand 6 feet small
And smiling cause I'm scared as hell
Kind of like my life is like a sequel to a movie
Where the actor's names have changed
Oh well

Well these days
I wish I was 6 again
Oh make me a red cape
I wanna be Superman

Oh, if only my life was more like 1983
All these things would be
more like they were at the start of me

If my life was more like 1983
I'd plot a course to the source of the
Purest little part of me

And most my memories
Have escaped me
Or confused themselves with dreams
If heaven's all they want it to be
Send your prayers to me care of 1983

You can paint that house a rainbow of colors
Rip out the floorboards
Replace the shutters but that's my plastic in the dirt
Whatever happened to my whatever happened to my
Whatever happened to my lunchbox
When came the day that it got
Thrown away and don't you think I should
Have had some say in that decision

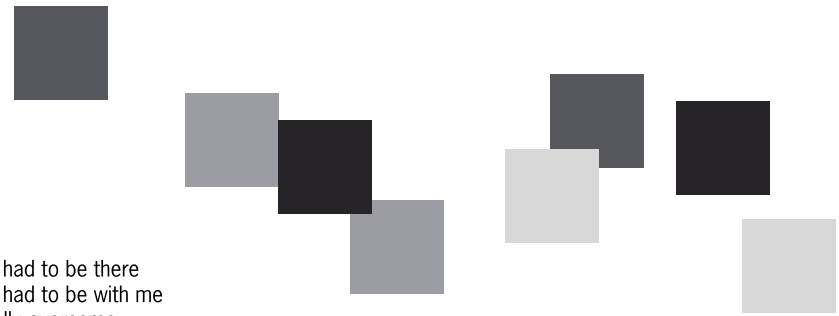
I'm writing you to catch you up on places I've been
And you held this letter probably got excited,
But there's nothing else inside it

Didn't have a camera by my side this time
Hoping I would see the world with both my eyes
Maybe I will tell you all about it
When I'm in the mood
To lose my way
With words

Today skies are painted colors of a cowboy's cliché
And strange how clouds that look like mountains
In the sky are next to mountains anyway

Didn't have a camera by my side this time
Hoping I would see the world with both my eyes
Maybe I will tell you all about it
When I'm in the mood
To lose my way but let me say

You should have seen that sunrise
With your own eyes
It brought me back to life
You'll be with me next time I go outside
No more 3x5's



Guess you had to be there
Guess you had to be with me
Today I finally overcame
Tryin' to fit the world inside a picture frame
Maybe I will tell you all about it
When I'm in the mood
To lose my way but let me say

You should have seen that sunrise
With your own eyes
It brought me back to life
You'll be with me next time I go outside
No more 3x5's
Just no more 3x5's

8 3X5

John: vocals, guitars, piano
David LaBruyere: bass
Jerry Marotta: drums
John Alagia: percussion

John: vocals, guitars
David LaBruyere: bass
Nir Z: percussion
Clay Cook: backing vocals
Doug Derryberry: backing vocals
Brandon Bush: Hammond organ, Wurlitzer
John Alagia: guitar, percussion

9 LOVE SONG FOR NO ONE

Staying home alone on a Friday
Flat on the floor looking back
On old love
Or lack thereof
After all the crushes are faded
And all my wishful thinking was wrong
I'm jaded
I hate it

I'm tired of being alone
So hurry up and get here
I'm so tired of being alone
So hurry up and get here, get here

Searching all my days just to find you
I'm not sure who I'm looking for
I'll know it
When I see you
Until then, I'll hide in my bedroom
Just staying up all night just to write
A love song for no one
I'm tired of being alone
So hurry up and get here
I'm so tired of being alone
So hurry up and get here

I could have met you in a sandbox
I could have passed you on the sidewalk
Could I have missed my chance
And watched you walk away?

I'm tired of being alone
So hurry up and get here
So tired of being alone
Hurry up and get here
You'll be so good
You'll be so good for me

BACK TO YOU

10

John: vocals, guitars, Omnichord, Korg Triton
David LaBruyere: bass
Nir Z: drums

Back to you
It always comes around
Back to you
I tried to forget you
I tried to stay away
But it's too late

I'm so good at forgetting
And I quit every game I play
But forgive me, love
I can't turn and walk away

Back to you
It always comes around
Back to you
I walk with your shadow
I'm sleeping in my bed
With your silhouette

Should have smiled in that picture
If it's the last that I'll see of you
It's the least that you
Could not do

Leave the light on
I'll never give up on you
Leave the light on
For me too

Back to me
I know that it comes
Back to me
Doesn't it scare you
Your will is not as strong
As it used to be

John: vocals, guitars, Omnichord, Korg Triton
David LaBruyere: bass
Nir Z: drums

11 GREAT INDOORS

Check your pulse It's proof
That you're not listening to
The call your life's been issuing you
The rhythm of a line of idle days

Scared of a world outside
You should go explore
Pull all the shades and
Wander the great indoors
The great indoors

Lamplight makes the shadows play
And posters take the walls away
The T.V. is your window pane
The view won't let you down
So put your faith in a late night show
I bet you didn't even know
Depends on how far out you go
The channel numbers change

Scared of a world outside
You should go explore
Pull all the shades and
Wander the great indoors

Though lately I can't blame you
I have seen the world
And sometimes wish your room
Had room for two

So go unlock the door
And find what you are here for
Leave the great indoors
Please leave the great indoors

Check your pulse it's proof
That you're not listening to
The call your life's been issuing you
The rhythm of a line of idle days

12

NOT MYSELF

John: vocals, guitars, Omnichord
David LaBruyere: bass
Nir Z: drums
Brandon Bush: Mellotron

Suppose I said
I am on my best behavior
And there are times
I lose my worried mind?

Would you want me when
I'm not myself?
Wait it out while I am someone else?

Suppose I said
Colors change for no good reason
And words will go
From poetry to prose

Would you want me when
I'm not myself?
Wait it out while I am someone else?

And I, in time, will come around
I always do for you

Suppose I said
You're my saving grace

14

John: vocals, guitars
David LaBruyere: bass
Nir Z: drums
Brandon Bush: Fender Rhodes
Hammond organ, Mellotron
John Alagia: jingle bells

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Here comes a cold
Break out the winter clothes
And find a love to call your own
You - enter you
Your cheeks a shade of pink
And the rest of you in powder blue

Who knows what will be
But I'll make you this guarantee

No way November will see our goodbye
When it comes to December it's obvious why
No one wants to be alone at Christmas time

In the dark, on the phone
You tell me the names of your brothers
And your favorite colors
I'm learning you
And when it snows again
We'll take a walk outside
And search the sky
Like children do

No way November will see our goodbye
When it comes to December it's obvious why
No one wants to be alone at Christmas time

And come January we're frozen inside
Making new resolutions a hundred times
February, won't you be my valentine?
And we'll both be safe 'til St. Patrick's Day

We should take a ride tonight around the town
And look around at all the beautiful houses
Something in the way that blue lights
On the black night can make you feel more
Everybody, it seems to me, just wants to be
Just like you and me

No one wants to be alone at Christmas time
Come January we're frozen inside
Making new resolutions a hundred times
February, won't you be my valentine?

And if our always is all that we gave
And we someday take that away
I'll be alright if it was just 'til
St. Patrick's Day

PRODUCED BY John Alagia
ENGINEERED BY Jeff Juliano and John Alagia
MIXED BY John Alagia and Jeff Juliano
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EXCEPT 'NO SUCH THINGS,' 'NEON' AND
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MUSIC BY JOHN MAYER AND CLAY COOK
All songs Specific Harm Music (ASCAP),
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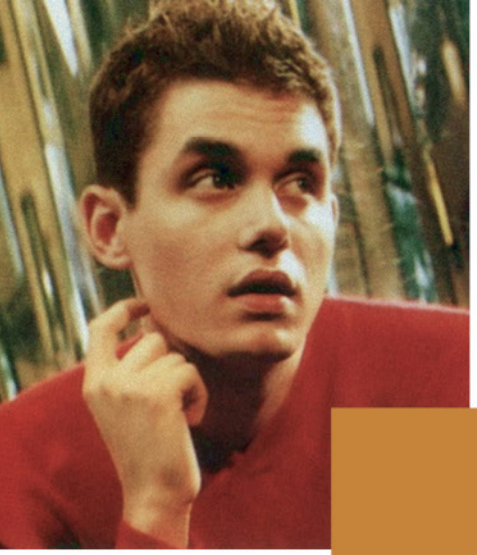
'Love Songs For No One'
John Mayer - Specific Harm Music (ASCAP)
& Clay Cook - Me Hold You Music (ASCAP)



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Courtney Hard, John Alagia, Reid hunter - You started this and you know it.
Michael McDonald - I'm just better when you're in the room.
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